

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, Containing his Death : and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

INDUCTION.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares : For which of you will stop
The vent of Hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping West
(Making the winde my Post-horse) still vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth,
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with false Reports :
I speake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the smile of Safety) wounds the World :
And who but Rumour, who but onely I
Make fearfull Mulsters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ft the bigge yeare, swolne with some other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the sterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no such matter? Rumour, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmises, Ielousies, Coniectures;
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,
That the blunt Monster, with vncounted heads,
The still discordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour heere?
I run before King Harries victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong Hotspurre, and his Troopes,
Qvenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To speake so true at first? My Office is
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble Hotspurres Sword:
And that the King, before the Douglas Rage
Stoop'd his Anointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant-Townes,
Between the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where Hotspurres Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. The Postes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From Rumours Tongues,
They bring smooth-Comforts-false, worse then True-
wrongs.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keeps the Gate heere hos?
Where is the Earle?

Por. What shall I say you are?

L.Bar. Tell thou the Earle

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

Por. His Lordship is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Please it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himselfe will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.

Nor. What newes Lord Bardolfe? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of some Stratagem;
The Times are wilde : Contention (like a Horse
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke loose,
And beares downe all before him.

L.Bar. Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Nor. Good, and heauen will.

L.Bar. As good as heart can wish :
The King is almost wounded to the death :
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince Harrie slaine out-right : and both the Blunts,
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas. Yong Prince Iohn,
And Westmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,
And Harrie Monmouth's Brawne (the Hulke Sir Iohn)
Is prisoner to your Sonne. O, such a Day,
(So fought, so follow'd, and so fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since Cæsars Fortunes.

Nor. How is this deu'd?

Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?

L.Bar. I spake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these newes for true.

Nor. Heere comes my Seruant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last, to listen after Newes.

Enter Travers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retelle from me.

Nor. Now Travers, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tr.

The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth

Tra. My Lord, Sir Iohn Umfreuill turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Our-rod me. After him, came spurring head
A Gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
That stopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester : And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold.
Which that he gaue his able Horse the head,
And bending forwards strooke his able heeles
Against the panting sides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and starting so,
He seem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer question.

Nor. Ha? Again:
Said he yong Harry Percies Spurre was cold?
(Of Hot-Spurre, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?

L.Bar. My Lord : Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a silken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.

Nor. Why should the Gentleman that rode by Travers
Giue then such instances of Losse?

L.Bar. Who, he?
He was some hilding Fellow, that had stolne
The Horse he rode on : and vpon my life
Speake at aduerture. Look, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tells the Nature of a Tragick Volume :
Solookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a winest Vsurpation,
Say Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hateful death put on his vgly Maske
To fright our party.

Nor. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'st; and the whiteness in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.

Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritlesse,
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe-be-gone,
Drew Priams Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.

But Priam found the Fire, ere he his Tongue :
And I, my Percies death, ere thou report'st it.

This, thou would'st say : Your Sonne did thus, and thus :
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble Douglas,
Stopping my greedy care, with their bold deeds.

But in the end (to stop mine Earre indeed)
Thou hast a Sigh, to blow away this Praise,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.

Nor. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suspicion hath :
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Instinct, knowledge from others Eyes,

That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet speake (Morton)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lyes,
And I will take it, as a sweet Disgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainsaid :

Your Spirit is

North. Y

I see a strang

Thou shak'st

To speake a

The Tongue

And he doth

Nor he, whic

Yet the first

Hath but a lo

Sounds euer

Remembred,

L.Bar. I

Mor. I a

That, which

But these min

Reu'd ring fai

To Henrie M

The neuer-da

From whence

In few; his d

Euen to the d

Being bruited

From the best

For from his

Which once,

Turn'd on the

And as the Th

Vpon enforce

So did our M

Lend to this

That Arrowe

Then did our

Fly from the

Too soone ta

(The bloody

Had three tin

Can vaile his

Of those that

Stumbling in

Is, that the K

A speedy pow

Under the K

And Westmer

North. Fe

In Poyson, th

(Hauing been

Being sicke, h

And as the W

Like strength

Impatient of

Out of his ke

(Weak'ned w

Are thrice the

A scallie Gaun

Must gloue th

Thou art a gu

Which Prince

Now binde m

The ragged st

To frowne vp

Let Heauen k

Keepe the wil

And let the w

To feede Con

But let one sp